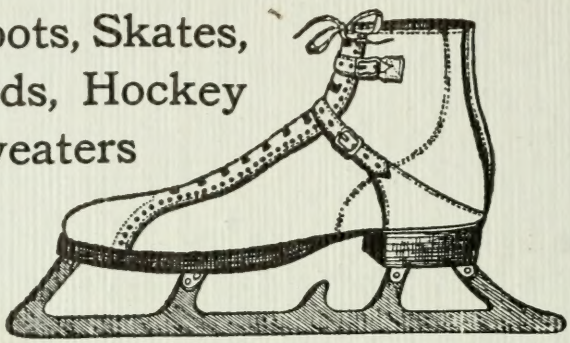
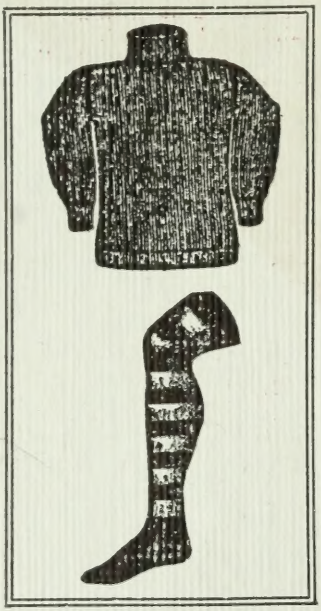
The Saint Andrew's College Review

Xmas 1911

Hockey Boots, Skates, Shin Guards, Hockey Sticks, Sweaters and Sweater Coats.



Hockey Boots, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00.



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Lunn Skates, Feather-weight Damascus	$5.50
Automobile Skates - - -	$2.50 to $6.00
Mic Mac Feather-weight Hockey Skates - -	$3.00
Scotia Hockey Skates	$2.00
Other Skates $1.00, - - - -	$1.50, $1.75
Sweaters, each -	$2.00
Sweater Coats (Collars and Pockets) -	$4.00

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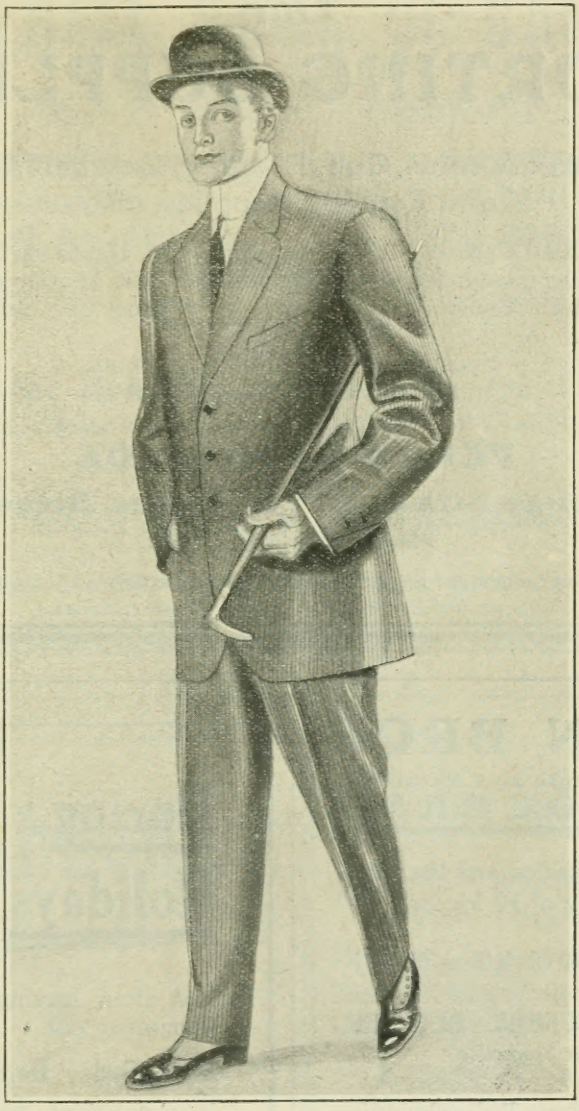

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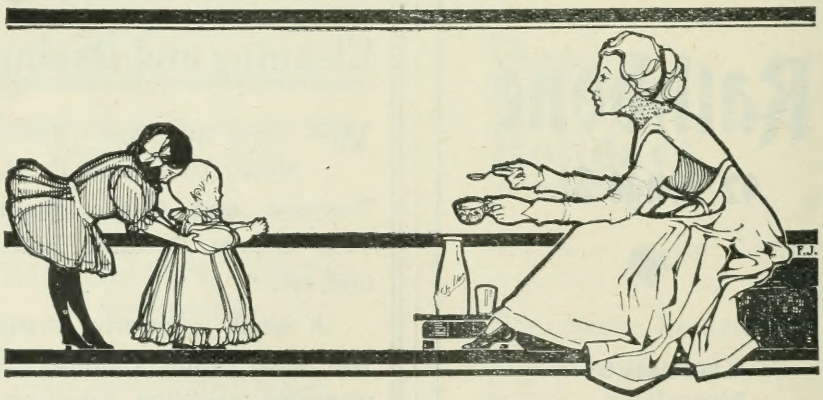

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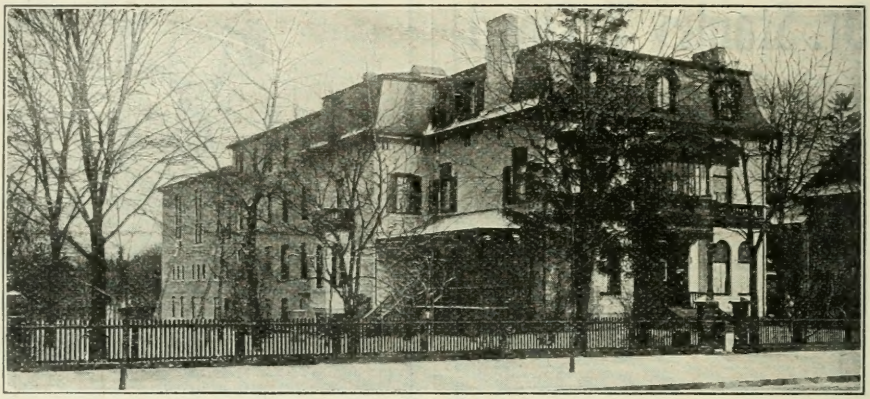

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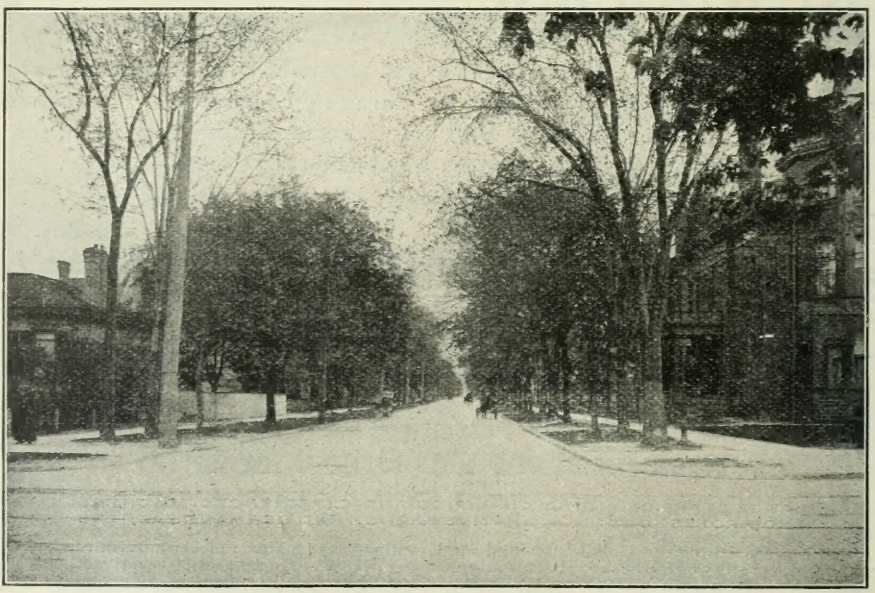

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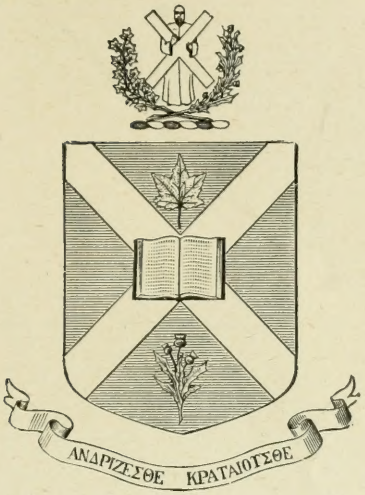

CHRISTMAS, 1911

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S. A. C. FIRST TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1911

EDITORIALS.

THERE is nothing new under the sun! At no time is the force of this old saying brought more explicitly to one's mind than in the writing of an editorial. When one has been confronted with the same task for six years it becomes almost tragic in its hopelessness. The general routine of school life is seldom disturbed by events worthy of editorial comment. Ducal visits are not everyday affairs; an occasional missionary drifts in from the New Hebrides or some other jumping-off place and imbues the lower school with a feverish desire to fly at once to the missionary field; but such tit-bits are pounced upon by the special staff for special articles and the poor Editor-in-chief is left without a leg to stand upon. One cannot utter the same trite platitudes year after year; preaching should be left to the preacher in his pulpit; stories and skits have their own place in the paper's make-up, and—well, we have succeeded in providing sufficient padding for the making of a conventional first page, so let us conclude by wishing you all a conventional but very sincere "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

THE CADET CORPS.

THE Cadet Corps this year has had the distinction of being the first in the history of the College to be the guard of honor to royalty. They had this opportunity when His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught honored St. Andrew's College with a visit.

Besides this most important event, the Cadet Corps turned out to the garrison parade and had the strongest company of the Highlanders.

On Friday evening, November 24th, twenty-five Cadets performed in the entertainment given by the Sergeants' Association of the 48th Highlanders in Massey Hall. They did much to uphold the good name which the corps has attained in previous years.

Although the Cadet Corps is without the services of Sergt.-Instructor Glover, who has done much for the welfare of it in previous years, the Corps certainly has an able man in the person of Color-Sergt. Instructor Sinclair, who has already made himself strong with the officers and members alike, and with his instruction and the material he has to work on this year's Cadet Corps should be the most successful St. Andrew's College has had. The officers for the year are as follows:

Captain—J. W. Bicknell.
1st Lieutenant—C. Dunning.
2nd Lieutenant—K. W. Junor.
Color Sergt.—T. C. Montgomery.
Sergts.—W. Young, Lockhart I., Morton, D. Ross II.
Corporal—W. McClinton.
The others have not yet been chosen. J. W. B.

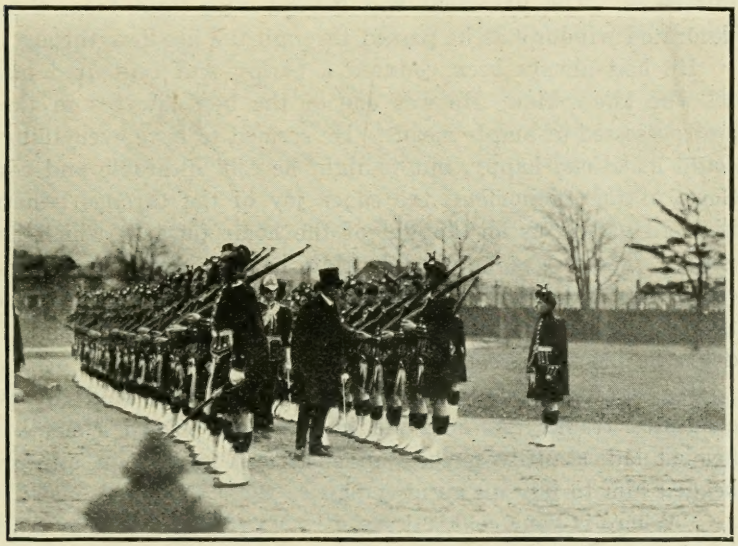
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT.

AT about half-past three on November 30th Field Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught paid a visit to St. Andrew's College. In spite of the cold weather, the Cadet Corps paraded in uniform, and on the arrival of the Duke were subjected to a short inspection. His Royal Highness then proceeded into the building, followed shortly after by the Cadets, who, after piling their rifles, took their places around the prayer hall. When the Duke entered, followed by Dr. Macdonald, the governors and staff of the College, the orchestra played "God Save the King."

Then "O Canada" was sung by the whole school, after which Dr. Macdonald rose and addressed the Duke, welcoming him in the name of the governors, faculty and students of St. Andrew's College, and expressing a deep desire that the College might be honored by another visit in the near future. In his concluding words he introduced Montgomery, who read an address assuring the

royal visitor of the loyalty of St. Andrew's College boys to the Empire, the King and to His Highness himself, His Majesty's representative in Canada.

His Royal Highness rose to speak and was greeted by three hearty cheers. He said he was pleased to have the opportunity of visiting St. Andrew's College, and commended the Cadet Corps on their exceedingly smart appearance, jokingly remarking that he hoped many of them had good Scotch names. At the conclusion



of his speech he was again given three cheers followed by the College yell, "Hoot! Hoot, mon, hoot!"

"God Save the King" was then heartily sung and His Royal Highness departed from the hall, going into Dr. Macdonald's house, where the wives of the faculty and the officers of the Cadet Corps were presented to him. On his departure the boys and Cadets lined both sides of the driveway and gave him three farewell cheers as he passed in his car.

W. S. McC.

Contributed Articles.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

JOHN CARRUTHERS walked slowly and thoughtfully along the street, crowded with people laughing and chatting merrily as they passed from store to store making their Christmas purchases. The pavement was flooded with light from the gaily decorated windows as he passed through the heedless throng.

He had always been counted a happy and contented man by all who knew him. He was one of the best lawyers in the city and possessed of ample means. He seemed to have everything that could make one happy, but to-night he felt miserable and restless. Some of the excitement, the eager joy of the throngs penetrated his cold nature as he thought of the home towards which he was going. There was nothing lacking in that house which money could buy, but there was wanting the warm welcome of a woman, the soft touch of tiny hands, the noise of prattling voices. Suddenly he began to realize the emptiness, the selfishness of his life.

He came at last to a corner where he was held up by the congested traffic. As he stood in the dense crowd a small, bare-headed lad, scantily garbed, pinched and hungry in appearance, begged him to buy an evening paper.

"Where is your coat, my boy?" He placed a coin in the boy's hand.

"Ain't got none."

"And your hat?"

"Got none."

"Well, who's your father?" asked Carruthers, with growing interest.

"Ain't got none," again answered the boy.

"Do you mean to say you have no one to look after you?"

"Yep—ain't got no mother neither—looks after me two sisters as well as I can."

"You poor little chap," said Carruthers, his heart warming strangely at the thought of this urchin and his responsibilities. His brain worked quickly and in a few minutes he had made a definite plan. Slipping a bill into the boy's hand, he bade him

give the remnant of his papers to another newsboy, then took his hand and led him into a neighboring store. Here the astonished lad was fitted out with a complete change of warm, comfortable clothing. He then hailed a cab and, having ascertained his address, ordered the cabby to drive to a wretched part of the large city. In a gloomy tenement, up several flights of rickety stairs they went, until Billy stopped before a dilapidated door that guarded his home. They entered and found two little girls huddled before a small and cheerless fire. Carruthers soon relieved their shyness by the gentle kindness of his manner and made a proposition that made their eyes open with wonder.

"Now, how would you all like to come and spend Christmas with me? I'm lonely too, and I think we can have a fine time together!" Billy and Florence looked at each other, but Bessie, her face radiant at the thought, said, "I love you—I love you as much as the beautiful lady what gives us the good things to eat and tells us stories."

The matter was soon settled and they were on their way to Carruthers' home. Bessie described her beautiful lady, and told him what Santa Claus was going to bring them. Something in the description made him think of one whom he had known some years before—someone whom he had lost because he had been tied up in his business affairs. He often wondered what had become of her and the old feeling of affection seemed to spring up with renewed strength. He pressed the little mite in his arms and made a resolution that for the sake of that dear one he would do all in his power to make these children happy.

They soon reached the handsome dwelling, and the children were given into the care of his housekeeper, with orders to provide everything needed. Their awe at the grandeur of their surroundings soon vanished before the kindness shown them, and Carruthers felt a strange, new happiness in his heart. The week before Christmas sped quickly by, filled with plans for the great day, and as Carruthers shared in their childish joy a still greater plan was maturing in his own mind—that of adopting as his own these three interesting, lovable waifs. Christmas dinner was to be the grandest imaginable; there was to be a tree, and Bessie was to invite her beautiful lady, in addition to a number of their former companions.

They arrived shortly before dinner in the automobiles that

Carruthers had sent for them. What a motley crowd they were! Nearly every nation was represented. They were all assembled in the parlor when the dinner-gong sounded. What a feast that was—everything that childish hearts could wish for. Amid the shrieks of delight the cook carried the flaming plum-pudding into the room and placed it before Carruthers, who was enjoying himself quite as much as his guests. Afterwards they returned to the parlor, where they played the most wonderful games. As Carruthers, down on his knees, was eliciting shrieks of laughter from a crowd of delighted boys and girls, Bessie rushed into the room to say that her beautiful lady had arrived. He went out into the hall to meet her. As she came forward, he caught a glimpse of her face.

"Grace! Grace!" he cried huskily.

"Yes, John, it is I," she said simply, but the look in her eyes told him all the other things that he wished to know.

"Come along, Grace, and see my little party." They followed Bessie, who had been looking at them with a puzzled expression on her pretty face. They entered the parlor and joined in the games until about four o'clock, when the folding doors of an adjoining room were opened and a wonderful sight was presented to the astonished guests. There in the middle of the room stood the most gorgeous Christmas tree, bejewelled with little colored electric bulbs. The boughs were laden with parcels, which were handed out to each by Bessie's beautiful lady.

When the children had all left and Carruthers had kissed his little family good-night—Bessie last of all, as she held her dollie tight to her breast—he went down to where the beautiful lady was waiting for him. Two hours later, when the broken promise of ten years ago was renewed, and Grace Cameron had left for her home, Carruthers leaned out of his window and listened to the bells of the church as they pealed across the still, frosty night. They seemed to his happy mind to send out again to the world the most wonderful message ever given to man—"Peace on earth, good-will towards man."

LASH.

She was mad enough to tear her hair,
And grind her teeth also;
But she curbed her angry passion,
For they cost too much, you know.

COMMENTARIES DE BELLO VB.

HAVING ascertained these things, the Senate (which is us) decreed to the barbarians of VB. that they should send hostages to Tiberius Lucius Junor. The inhabitants of VB., whom we have pointed out above, failed to send, on the day appointed, the hostages which Tiberius had demanded. Therefore Tiberius led forth his legions in battle array. Tiberius decreed that Primus Fluvius, surnamed Smiley, should take up position at right outside. Hanc, which being interpreted is "lengthy," was to lie in ambush for sundry bucks. The rest of the legions were stationed in line of battle, according to custom. The commissary wagon, so called Porkius Julius Ferguson, took up position in the scrim. These things having been arranged, Tiberius set forth and met the enemy, about the third watch.

And so great a scrimmage suddenly arose that Porkius Julius Ferguson, being unable to withstand longer the attacks of the enemy, fell back unto our quarter, who, being badly squashed, was forced to retire to the rear. His place being taken by Xenephon Cocles Carlyle, a Greek of great valor, the battle was renewed. The barbarians so greatly harassed our men that straightway they were forced to retire, and the barbarians by dint of great valor scored one.

The battle was fought fiercely by both sides. The barbarians did again endeavor to break through the lines of the legions, but three times they were hurled back, and thereupon they booted the pigskin. O miserable Die! the kick of the barbarian chief, namely Idutiomarus Bicknel, being so far and so long that Tiberius was forced to rouge. The legions being thrown into confusion by these disasters, turned and fled, and behold the barbarians did again score.

Which when Tiberius perceived, he sent in advance lieutenants, Publius Aestus Vicus and Caius Volusenus McKeen, that they might rally the legions. Being successful in this thing, they returned and made known to Tiberius what was being done. Tiberius then fiercely assaulted the right wing, and so great was the attack and so fiercely did the legions fight, that Dudlius Ross, a barbarian of great valor, was stretched flat on the earth, sorely wounded. Caius Volusenus McKeen, whom we have pointed out above, being severely wounded, did arise in wrath and straightway did beat up

the barbarians' scrimmage. Oh, ye gods! 'twas indeed a noble sight to see the sturdy warrior hand out black eyes and meanwhile muttering to himself in the language of the gods.

A small part of the game being left, Tiberius, although the nights in these places are early, because almost all of the field slopes towards the south, set out towards the enemy's goal. Having avoided many hindrances, he finally ran into the timekeeper, who, having been replaced, the battle re-commenced. The legions attacked the left wing of the barbarians and forced them back. Then Tiberius hurled himself into the midst of the fray and, O! exalt his name to the sky, ye plebians! safely planted the pigskin behind the barbarians' line. The barbarians being unable to withstand longer the attacks of our men, broke and fled, nor were they able our men to pursue farther because, being footsore and weary, they did return to half-way. Hanc, whom we have made mention of before, failed to convert. This one thing was wanting to the former fortune of Tiberius.

Time being called, Tiberius led back his legions into the camp and there they rested from their labors. Upon the receipt of Tiberius' despatches, the Senate decreed a general thanksgiving of twenty days.

Final score, 5—4.

M. E. MALONE.

THE HEART OF PETER FONTAINE.

"AND what is this—some horrible curio?" Kenneth Graham eyed the mysterious object intently, and the doctor smiled as he took from the row of medicine bottles a medium-size glass jar labeled "Balmoral Relish." Preserved in alcohol and somewhat crowded for room was a pinkish, shapeless mass that had attracted Graham's attention.

"That is the heart of Peter Fontaine, and thereby hangs a tale." He turned the bottle in his strong, firm fingers before handing it to his guest. "It was a terrible thing that need never have happened. The man—a fine, strapping French-Canadian—was shot through the large artery—you see, here. There was a trial, but nothing came of it. Peter Fontaine is buried among the hills near Tracadie Gasch."

"You mean *part* of him is buried. Heavens, old man, I couldn't rest in my grave if my heart was pickled and reposing in a marmalade jar in your surgery. How did you get the thing?"

"It was sent to me before the inquest—that's five months ago." Dr. Freeman puffed a cloud of smoke into the air as he replaced the bottle. Drawing chairs to the fireplace, he motioned to a supply of smoking materials on a small Turkish table. Presently his wife entered—a tall, graceful girl, with a delicately oval face and a mass of golden-red hair.

"May I join you, Karl? It is lonely in the sitting-room. What a blustering night—listen to the wind." Hilda Freeman shuddered as she drew closer to the cheerful blaze. "This hill-country of ours boasts some terrible storms, Ken. You should hear my husband tell some of his experiences." As she bent over her embroidery, Graham thought she was thinner and paler than when he had visited them in the summer. In her deep, grey eyes was an absent look—something expectant, wondering, mystic. For some time the little group sat in silence, the dreamy stillness intensified by the lapping of flames, the keening of the wind, and the snapping of well-seasoned logs. A louder blast than usual swept around the corner of the house, and amid the bedlam of sounds a distinct rapping shook the small-paned window. Mrs. Freeman glanced nervously at the drawn curtains.

"That must be Peter Fontaine clamoring for his heart," laughed Graham with a glance at the doctor. A terrified gasp

escaped Hilda Freeman's lips, and she looked hard at Graham with questioning, frightened eyes.

"What is it, dear! You are trembling!" In a moment her husband was at her side, tenderly solicitous.

"It is nothing—I was foolish. I pricked my finger with the needle." A small red stain upon the linen seemed a reasonable excuse for her agitation. "What do you say to some supper and then—bed? Shall we have it here in the firelight?—it seems cosier." With nervous quickness she summoned the clumsy French girl, Lizette, and gave a few brisk orders. In a few moments she reappeared with a badly arranged tray, which she deposited roughly on a small table.

"Lizette, you've forgotten the salt—and the cheese. Bring them, please. Dear, will you put the kettle close to the coals? That girl grows more stupid every day."

"Poor creature! She lives in a world of dreams—dead dreams. She was engaged to Peter Fontaine and came to us shortly after his death," explained the doctor to his guest.

"And does she know about *that?*" Graham gave a backward toss of his head.

"I am not sure. Hilda always attends to this room herself, but I dare say Lizette has heard that her lover's heart was once in my keeping as well as her own."

The simple supper was eaten almost in silence, broken only by the wild, sweeping wind and rattling of shutters. A strange constraint had fallen upon all and Graham was visibly relieved when his hostess suggested that they retire.

Gradually the house settled into quietude and into absolute darkness save for a dim night-light that burned in the upper hall. Graham was awakened from his first sleep by the clanging of the door-bell and shortly after heard the doctor's sleigh pass into the swirling, snow-wrapt night. Once more silence settled upon the Grey House. Sleep had, however, forsaken Graham, and he lay wide-eyed in his comfortable bed. A timid knocking sounded on the closed door. At first it was barely distinguishable from other sounds of the night, and with quickened heart-beats he wondered if he had heard anything. It sounded again, louder, more imperative, and he jumped quickly from bed and threw open the door. The comfortable, well-furnished hall and dim light were all that met his gaze, but in the shadowed stillness he heard what sounded

like a faint moan. This he attributed to the wind, and gladly climbed once more into the warmth of his blankets. He snuggled down comfortably with the calm determination to sleep, when his wakeful eyes became fixed upon the door, under which a thin streak of light sifted from the hall. Slowly the narrow strip widened as the portal opened, impelled by no visible force. He watched this demonstration of uncanny power with mingled feelings of amusement and vague terror. He waited for a glimpse of something tangible, reasonable, earthly. A light step in the corridor called him to a sitting posture, and as he peered into the light Hilda Freeman stood for a moment in the doorway. A pale blue dressing-gown enveloped her figure; her beautiful hair fell upon her shoulders and in his brief glimpse of her face he could see the look of wild terror in her eyes. The vision was a brief one, and without a word she was gone. Graham rubbed his eyes and clutched the eiderdown to ascertain if he were in his right senses. Then with reluctant feet he dragged himself across the floor and closed the door.

At breakfast the doctor had not returned. His wife was unusually bright and entertaining. Warm sunshine flooded the cosy dining-room and the wind whirled myriads of glistening snow-crystals into the keen air.

"How did you sleep, Ken?" Mrs. Freeman's grey eyes were lifted questioningly from the tea-tray.

"Very well, thank you—considering."

"Considering what—may I ask?"

"Oh, the wind and the rattling windows and all the other noises of an old house in the country. And you?"

"As well as I ever sleep—now," she replied, and then, hastily, "One lump or two? You'll find cream in the small blue pitcher."

Conversation flagged and it was evident that both were on guard.

Later in the day the doctor returned, only to be called away for an immediate consultation.

"I'll probably be a couple of days, dear. The trains aren't running to Jacquet River, and I've never seen the roads drifted like this. I'm sorry, Ken, old man, but you'll be here for some days after my return, and Hilda will look after you. These are the vicissitudes of a country practice." Graham thought he saw a look of relief pass over Hilda's face as her husband made known

his plans, while his own regret was tempered by an unaccountable feeling of satisfaction.

All day his hostess was in the height of good spirits. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes bright, her laughter frequent and full of spontaneity. After the evening meal her old listlessness returned, and she became as markedly distrait and silent. Graham suggested an early retirement, to which she readily acceded.

Alone in his room, he closed the door, which on inspection he found devoid of lock and key. It was a bright night and he stood at his window overlooking broad fields of snowy whiteness. Once his gaze became riveted on a dark shadow that seemed to crawl close to the house, moving uncertainly from bush to tree. He dismissed the idea as foolish and climbed into bed. He drew a small table to his side, selected a magazine, and read far into the night. As the clock struck two he sank wearily among the pillows. His brain was distinctly fagged, but his eyes refused to close and seemed like two burning coals in his head. Another hour chimed in measured slowness and still he lay awake. Then the expected happened.

Slowly, very slowly, the door opened and in the half-light the figure of a man entered the room. There was no sound of footsteps; an icy chill roughed his skin and stirred the roots of his thick brown hair. Nearer came the silent visitant, his face indistinguishable, his fine stalwart figure framed clearly in the doorway. One hand was pressed hard against his breast and through the spread fingers blood coursed freely. The man swayed for a moment, then raised his crimsoned hand with a gesture of beseeching, at the same time disclosing a ghastly aperture beneath the loose woollen shirt. Swiftly and silently the apparition passed into the hall and at the same instant a wild shriek rang through the house. Graham rushed into the light and almost collided with the French-Canadian maid, who gave him a searching look before disappearing down a side hall to her room. Almost at the same moment Hilda Freeman emerged from her door.

She was outwardly calm, but her words came in gasps. "You saw him, too! You saw him, too!" She pressed her hands tight to her wide eyes.

"You are frightened—cold. Come into the den. It is warm there." He led her gently to the little corner room, where a Quebec heater burned cheerfully. Placing her in a chair, he threw a heavy steamer rug about her and closed the door.

"It was Peter Fontaine," she said simply and with evident conviction. "He wants his heart. Oh—he must have it. I can't live like this much longer." Graham chafed her slender hand, upon which the wedding-ring fitted loosely.

"Tell me about it. Perhaps I can help you." His eyes sought her face and his quiet manner reassured her.

"It has been going on for weeks." She looked around as if in terror of being overheard. "I told Karl about it the first time, but he said I was foolish, imaginative—that such things couldn't be. That hurt me so. It has all been so terribly vital, and his lack of perception has made me keep everything to myself. That has made it harder. Night after night when he has been away those awful knockings have gone on and the doors have opened without visible hands. But—I never saw—I never saw him until to-night. I met him coming from your room. Thank goodness, poor Lizette wasn't there." She broke into tears and Graham sat in awkward silence. He said nothing about the terror-stricken figure that he had seen scurry into the darkness.

"Leave it to me, Hilda. I'll fix it up before Karl returns. I know that it is not imagination. I saw him too—distinctly. Can you trust me?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll owe my life to you, Ken. This terror is slowly killing me."

"I understand it all, dear girl. Now, pile into bed and get some sleep. Off with you!"

* * * * * * *

The following night was another wild one, filled with a thousand strange, unaccountable sounds. Mrs. Freeman went early to her room and Graham waited until the house was absolutely still. Then, stealing from the guest-chamber, he descended the stairs, lamp in hand, and made his way to the surgery. A veritable bedlam of sounds raged about that exposed corner of the house, and as he entered the room a loud knocking shook the glistening panes. For a moment his heart quailed and he wished himself anywhere but in the weirdly haunted chamber.

Crossing quickly to the medicine shelves, he took the heart of Peter Fontaine and placed it on the window sill between two flowering geraniums. He then raised the blind, placed the lamp on a table in the hall, and hastily regained his room. The wind increased in power, the ominous sounds in strength and frequency.

For a long time he stood at his window trying to pierce the darkness of the storm. Suddenly, during a brief lull in the general cacophony, there came a loud crashing of glass, followed by a cry of demoniac joy. Then, absolute stillness.

"Kenneth—are you awake?" A knocking at his door and Hilda's beseeching voice recalled his wavering courage. In a moment he was at her side.

"Wait here—I'll go down," he commanded.

"No—no. I'll go with you. I'm afraid to stay alone."

T. B. D. Tudball, M.P.

Together they descended the stairs. An icy blast of wind swept from the surgery, almost extinguishing the flickering lamp. Shielding it with cold fingers, Graham preceded her into the room. Snow whirled through the broken window, and already a small drift had formed upon the crimson carpet. The curtains bellied into the room like wind-caught sails, and the tempest roared without in an ecstasy of despairing moans. Beneath the window-ledge, mingled with fragments of pane upon which frosted designs glistened in the unsteady light, lay the bits of a bottle with gaily colored label. The floor was moist with spilled alcohol, and a faint, sickening odor filled the room.

The heart of Peter Fontaine was gone. The trembling geraniums were untouched, and shivered in the chilly blast, but the broken panes and shattered bottle bore silent testimony to the night's mystery.

* * * * * * *

On the following morning a crumpled note lay upon the kitchen table. The fire had died out; the room was arranged in unusual order. Hilda deciphered the wavering scrawl with difficulty:

"Peter, he call, an' I go to de hills. T'anks mooch, madam."

It was Lizette's farewell. In the early spring her body was found by a party of log-drivers on the ice-locked shore of the Restigouche, many weary miles from the blue, cloud-kissed heights of Tracadie Gasch and the unmarked grave of Peter Fontaine.

A STRANGE VOYAGE.

"WE shan't travel very quickly," said the ray of light, "for I shall lessen my speed, that you may see more clearly. Take these glasses and do not loosen your grip."

"Correct," I said, and focusing the binoculars which he had given me, I jumped on the beam of light, held tightly to it with my knees and one hand, gave the word, and off we went.

We started from the first team grounds and a few seconds later Toronto was far behind and we were travelling over the blue expanse of Lake Ontario towards Niagara Falls. We reached the Falls in a minute and I felt a dash of spray against my cheek, but soon the splendid view was gone and we were drawing near New York.

I could see the great metropolis very clearly with my binoculars, but I had hardly glanced at this, the second largest city in the world, when it faded from sight and we flew over Washington. We were barely out of Washington when we sighted St. Louis. I recognized the Smoky City, having been there several times, but before I could get a good look at it we were going along the Mississippi River. We followed its course through Arkansas, Tennessee and Louisiana. I saw the flat pleasure ferries, the yachts, and the trains, but we passed by all hastily.

We crossed a broad river, and came into a country which I knew very well. Yes, it was Mexico, and one or two seconds later I saw two or three volcanoes with their white crests appear on the horizon.

I felt very cold, and upon looking down I saw we were just above the 18,000-foot volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccehuatl, that surround Mexico City. I searched eagerly for my house, but it was too late, for we were flying swiftly over the Panama Canal construction.

High mountains now took the place of the plains of Southern Mexico and Central America. Rounding the top of Aconcaqua, the highest peak on the continent, we rushed to Brazil to see the Amazon River. Three seconds later, having passed the pampas of Uruguay and Paraguay, the city of Buenos Ayres came into sight. By the time I had buttoned my coat, for I had been warned that we were shortly going to be in a very cold climate, we were far past Cape Horn and over the eternal ice of the Antarctic Ocean. The air was frightfully cold, and I told that to my companion, who

doubled his pace and rushed on in the direction of Africa. My body was almost frozen and I closed my eyes until I began to feel a little warmer. During my few seconds' sleep—for I had fallen asleep—my companion told me we had passed over Cape Colony, the Snow Mountains, Transvaal and Lake Nyassa. When I awoke we were following the river which unites Lake Tanganyika with Lake Nyassa.

Soon we were in the Nile Valley, where I saw thousands of boats manned by dark-skinned sailors, alligators floating with their backs just out of the water, and many animals drinking at the edge of that marvellous river.

Even this short trip over Africa made me perspire freely, but the blue waters of the Mediterranean, which were soon below us, had a cooling effect. We passed through a cloud smelling of sulphur. I tried to think what it was, and upon looking back I saw Mount Etna smoking and fuming in the distance.

Here my companion started to go like a flash and I could see nothing more. He went all over Europe, then turning east, began to go up, up, up.

Then he said, "We are now above the Himalaya's highest peak, Mount Everest, and I have to go back to the sun, because it is night time in this part of the world. Get off my back. Good-bye."

Only then I considered my position. How was I going to get home? I was at the antipode of Canada. I looked down to consider the fall. Horrors! Twenty-nine thousand feet, and all stones below. At the thought I nearly fainted, but my companion addressed me again: "Hurry up! If you don't I shall kick and plunge and you shall fall from a higher point than this."

I said nothing, but held on and began my struggle for life. He turned over and over again; kicked, squirmed and bucked, but I still hung on. Seeing he could not shake me off that way, he took a run and bumped my head against the top of Mount Everest. That was too much. With a cry of despair I loosened my grip and down I went. Down, down, down, and my speed increasing continually. As I neared the bottom I shrieked: "Help! Murder! Stop me! Help! Help! Put a mattress below! Help!" I closed my eyes and a second later—"Crash!!!"

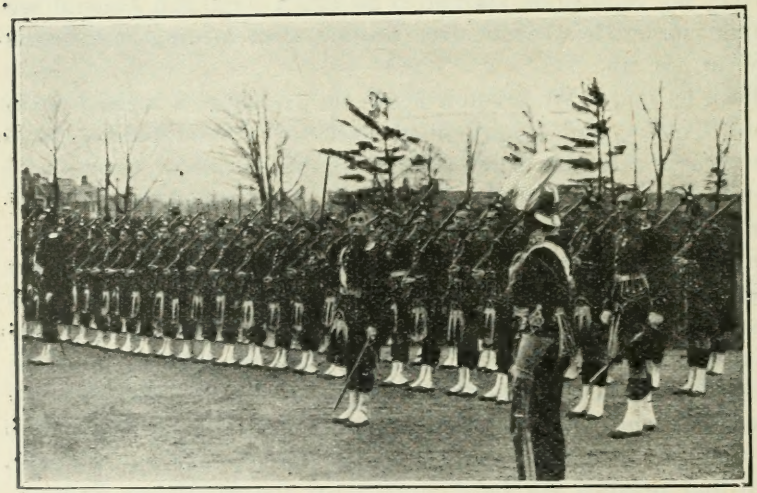
I jumped out of bed and saw my room-mates each ready for breakfast.

"Has the warning gone?" I asked.

"Yes, and there is the breakfast bell."

I made a dive for the basin of water, in which I doused my face, and with a few strokes of the comb I fixed my hair. Then I put on my clothes rapidly and hurried down stairs, putting on my collar and tie, to the dining room, only to find when I reached there the door closed and that I had received a house late.

HENRY HERSCHKOWITZ.



OCTOBER.

(Non-descriptive)

OCTOBER days are here once more—the same old brown October days. Of course not the same old days as last year, or the year before, for at a whistle the chubby bull terrier does not rush round the corner to meet you, wagging his tail so hard that he can hardly keep his feet in step. You remember how you would cuff him playfully on the side of the head and shove him, sprawling clumsily, into the pile of dead leaves that the wind had collected into a corner of the terrace. He was a good-natured old dog. He would crawl out and shake himself and then stand before you, with his mouth open and his tongue hanging carelessly out one side of it.

But this October you go alone into the garden plot and view the devastated plants and bushes and choose the pumpkin which is to be the Jack-o'-lantern. You may toss aside the dried-up corn-stalk, but the old dog is not there to chew it to pieces and, watching you from the corners of his happy brown eyes, dodge, at your motion towards him, round a vine, on which he knows you wouldn't like to trample. No, he's gone.

Now every morning you set out through the woods of yellow and red, or brown-leaved trees, some of which have been perhaps bared or half-bared by the October wind and rain. The sunshine and the frosty air make you happy, and you joyously kick the stray leaves from your pathway; and you pluck the faded stem of the golden-rod or of the burr bush and twist it into fantastic ringlets, merely from the motion stirred by the clear coolness.

And every evening you trudge up the hill and stop. It is dusk, and the city chimes ring six. Just below you is the college, and you see the lights in the windows and hear the boys shouting down the halls; but as the bell rings there is a roaring trample of feet—then a lull, and silence. Spread before you is the smoky city, with sparkling lights, and the faint rumble of traffic reaches your ears as the sounds from the college die away. In the west is the dim orange glow left by the sunken sun, and from the east slowly comes the purple darkness. Then you pass through the short wood and gain the pavement. You see the light shining from the library window when you turn the corner, and you break in on the family gathered round a cheerfully crackling fire.

A Song by the Smouldering Fire of Dead Leaves.

The thick white smoke curled high
From the fire towards the sky,
And by the smouldering side of it
  Stood Don my friend, and I.
The frost bit through my clothes,
And it touched my chin and nose,
And a rather keen light wind arose
  In the dullness of the sky.
As we meditated long
There came to Don a song
Which he thought that he would sing to me—
  He called the name "Good-bye"—
And as he loudly sang
In my ears it sweetly rang,
And it seemed to bring to me a pang
  And a half-unconscious sigh.

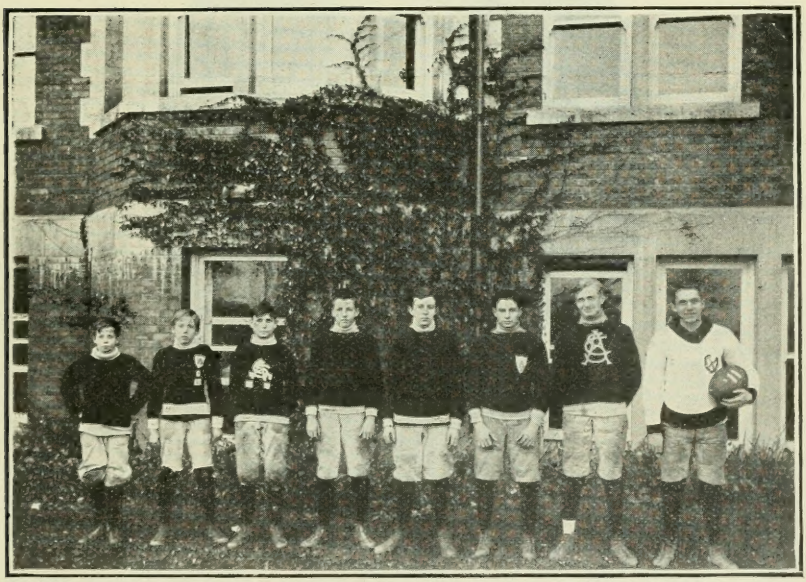
His song was soft and dread,
And it fell upon my ear
As a somewhat saddening song to hear—
  Although I know not why.
But 'twas of sad, sad autumn days,
When the leaves have left the trees,
And seek in restless, wandering ways
  A place where they may lie.

And his voice was deep and rich,
With a melancholy pitch.
I must admit I knew not which—
  If I should laugh or cry.
There was one lingering strain
Which he sang, again, again:
Good-bye, good-bye to autumn days,
  Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

The fainting notes held long
At the ending of the song.
They died, and lost themselves among
  The murmuring trees about.

It was they that bore his theme.
He ceased. Now, if I seem
To have been entranced, I stirred, and poked
The fire—flame burst out.

And with the flame the happy thoughts
Of Christmas fireside, which blots
The sadness from the winter storms
That take the place of autumn.

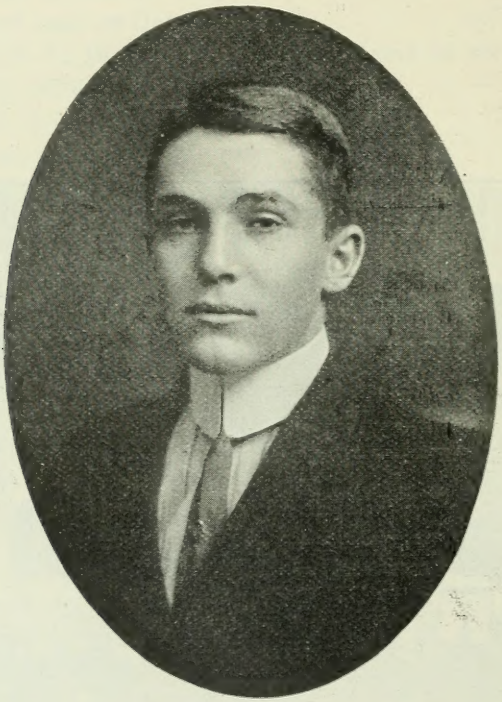


Rugby Captains S. A. C.

Athletics.

PERSONNEL.

MONTGOMERY (Monty)—Quarter. Second year on team. A sure pass and a strong, aggressive player. As captain he proved himself to be very heady. Kept cool and used the best play for every down. His hard work on behalf of the team earned for himself the confidence of every member.



L. C. Montgomery, Captain.

Dimock (George)—Full Back. Graduate of last year's fourths. Made the team after the T. C. S. game on account of his kicking. Showed up to good advantage in this department against Ridley.

Junor (Ken)—Right Half. Came up from last year's second team. A good reliable half, tackling exceptionally well in the Upper Canada game.

Bicknell (Jimmy)—Centre Half. A veteran. Third year on team. One of the best running halves in the league. A hard man to bring down.

Cotton (Happy)—Left Half. First year man. A sure catch and fair runner. Inclined to take things easy.

Malone (Morris)—Left Outside. One of last year's third team. A hard worker and sure tackle, but a trifle slow on end runs.

Sharpe (Dusty)—Left Middle. Also one of last year's thirds. Very fast and hard to bring down in a broken field. The best kicker on the team.

Ross II. (Dud)—Left Inside. Another member of last year's seconds. Played his position well. A hard man to pass.

MacKeen (David)—Left Scrimmage. Also came up from last year's seconds. Always kept the opposing quarter in trouble. Was handicapped by illness in the U. C. C. game.

Foster (Bill)—Centre Scrimmage. A new boy as far as Rugby is concerned. Heeled the ball cleanly. Inclined to tackle high. Showed up particularly well against B. R. C.

Mack (George)—Right Scrimmage. A new boy. A welcome discovery. Always protected the quarter and will add much strength to next year's team.

Black (Red)—Inside Right. Played the same position on the thirds last year. The heaviest man on the team. Used his weight to great advantage, but was hindered by an injured leg.

Sommerville I. (Hank)—Right Middle. Played with the seconds last year. Best tackle on the wing line, seldom failing to get his man. Played a steady game throughout the season.

Sommerville II. (Geordie)—Outside Right. Another member of last year's seconds. A hard worker. A sure tackle and a good man on end runs. Was greatly missed against T. C. S.

The team wishes to thank "Freddie" Davidson for his able management of the team for a second season, and also Gordon, his hard-working assistant.

H. Lash.

T. A. A. C. vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

THE first game of the season was played with the Toronto Amateur Athletic Club's juniors on the College grounds, Saturday afternoon, October 7th. T. A. A. C. came up two men short, so they played McKeague and Livingstone.

T. A. A. C. kicked. Bicknell caught the ball and ran it up well. By a series of brilliant rushes, Monty's men got the ball to within ten yards of the T. A. A. C. line. Here they had to kick. They followed up well and succeeded in forcing T. A. A. C. to rouge. This they repeated a few minutes later. S. A. C. 2, T. A. A. C. 0.

Again College got the ball to the T. A. A. C. line, and Montgomery went over for a touch, which they failed to convert. T. A. A. C. were forced to rouge again a few minutes later, and the half ended T. A. A. C. 0, S. A. C. 8.

The second half had hardly begun when S. A. C. obtained another rouge. Again, owing to splendid runs by Bicknell and Sommerville I., Montgomery was able to go over for another try, which was not converted. S. A. C. 14, T. A. A. C. 0.

A pass from Montgomery to Bicknell enabled Jimmy to get away with the most spectacular run of the game for a touchdown, which was converted. S. A. C. 20, T. A. A. C. 0.

College began to weaken, and a few minutes before full time T. A. A. C. scored a try, which they failed to convert, and the game ended with the score standing S. A. C. 20, T. A. A. C. 5.

For the visitors Captain Mutch and Carlyle featured, while for St. Andrew's Captain Montgomery and Bicknell starred.

H. LASH.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

THE first league game was played on our grounds Saturday morning, October 14th, with Trinity College School of Port Hope. There was a fair attendance, prominent among whom was the first McGill team, who complimented the schools upon the quality of Rugby they played.

St. Andrew's, having won the toss, took the north end of the field, and the game started at five minutes after eleven.

T. C. S. kicked. The ball was caught by Bicknell, who made a good run. Geordie Sommerville, in making a splendid tackle, received a kick on the head, which necessitated the calling in of Nation to take his place. Several more fine rushes by Bicknell let St. Andrew's have possession of the ball almost on the T. C. S. line. They were unable to kick it over, however, and T. C. S. got the ball. Good kicking by Pirie and poor catching by our halves gave T. C. S. the ball on our twenty-five-yard line. Another kick by Pirie enabled Vogt to force Junor to rouge. T. C. S. 1, S. A. C. 0.

No further scores were made during the first half, but the game was made fast and exciting by the brilliant tackling of Montgomery, the splendid running of Bicknell and Junor, and the strong kicking of Pirie.

The second half opened fast, but poor passing by S. A. C. enabled Caldwell to get the ball and go over for a try, which they converted. T. C. S. 7, S. A. C. 0.

However, the Saints, undismayed, fought their way down to within ten yards of the T. C. S. line. Here Sharpe by a clever piece of work intercepted a pass from Symons to MacKendrick and went over for a touch, which we failed to convert. T. C. S. 7, S. A. C. 5.

T. C. S. bucked up, and more good kicking by Pirie enabled Baker to force Foster to rouge. T. C. S. 8, S. A. C. 5.

Splendid running by Junor and Bicknell, coupled with the good tackling of "Hank" Sommerville, gave the Crimson and White the ball a few yards from the T. C. S. line. Here the good judgment of Montgomery and the strong bucking of Bicknell, Junor and Black sent Bicknell over for another try, which was not converted. T. C. S. 8, S. A. C. 10.

Good rushing by Symons allowed T. C. S. to kick to Foster, who was forced to rouge. T. C. S. 9, S. A. C. 10.

Although College fought for every inch of ground, yet they—owing principally to the kicking of Pirie and the bucking of MacKendrick—were forced to rouge again. T. C. S. 10, S. A. C. 10.

The ball had only been in play a few minutes when Pirie kicked to touch-in-goal. T. C. S. 11, S. A. C. 10.

The Saints fought hard, and the running of Junor and Bicknell was of the best, but a few minutes before full time College was forced to rouge again, and when the whistle blew T. C. S. were

victors of a hard-fought game by a score of 12—10. The teams lined up as follows:

T. C. S.—Full, Fisken; halves, Pearce, Pirie, Caldwell; quarter, Symons (Capt.); scrimmage, Skinner, Vogt, Fitzgerald; insides, Bartlett, MacKendrick; middles, Mathers, Stone; outsides, Cochrane, Baker.

S. A. C.—Full, Foster; halves, Junor, Bicknell, Cotton; quarter, Montgomery (Capt.); scrimmage, MacKeen, Firstbrooke, Mack; insides, Ross II., Black; middles, Sharpe, Sommerville I.; insides, Malone, Sommerville II., Nation.

Referee—Dr. Hendrie. Umpire—Bell.

H. L.

B. R. C. vs. S. A. C.

THE second league game was played on the school grounds on Saturday morning, October 21st, with Bishop Ridley College of St. Catharines. The day was fine and the attendance good.

St. Andrew's won the toss and the game started at 11.20. Five minutes after play had started good kicking and tackling by B. R. C. gave them the ball ten years off our line, from where they kicked to touch-in-goal. B. R. C. 1, S. A. C. 0. Ridley was playing a strong, aggressive game, and they forced their way down to our twenty-five-yard line, where just before quarter-time by an onside kick and a fake buck Mix went over for a touch, which was not converted. B. R. C. 6, S. A. C. 0.

Early in the second quarter the Saints, kicking with the wind, forced B. R. C. to rouge. S. A. C. 1, B. R. C. 6. By good bucking the boys in Crimson and White fought their way to within thirty yards of the B. R. C. line. Dimock kicked to Marani I., who dropped the ball, and Bicknell, who followed up quickly, fell on it for a try, which was converted. B. R. C. 6, S. A. C. 7.

A few minutes before half-time Dimock kicked to Marani, who again dropped the ball, and Montgomery, who followed up fast, fell on it, scoring our second touch, which was not converted. B. R. C. 6, S. A. C. 12.

The second half opened with a kick by B. R. C. Bicknell caught the ball and electrified the crowd by making a wonderful run of 120

yards, passing the whole B. R. C. team except Marani, who tackled him ten yards from their line. Dimock kicked and B. R. C. were forced to rouge. S. A. C. 13, B. R. C. 6.

Ridley having the wind with them, kicked their way down the field, at last forcing S. A. C. to rouge. B. R. C. 7, S. A. C. 13. A few minutes later they gained another point in the same manner, and shortly before quarter-time they again forced the Saints to rouge. B. R. C. 9, S. A. C. 13.

Ridley—although they had the wind against them now—seemed determined to score a touchdown, and at one time they had the ball a bare two yards from our line, but were unable to get it over. After that there was nothing to it but St. Andrew's.

The good work of Black, in falling on a loose ball near the B. R. C. line, enabled Bicknell to buck over for a try, which was not converted. B. R. C. 9, S. A. C. 18. Good kicking by Dimock allowed the Saints to score another rouge. A few minutes before full time St. Andrew's scored a dead-line kick and a rouge, leaving the score when the full time whistle blew 21—9 in our favor.

There is no doubt whatever that Bicknell was the best man on the field. His splendid bucking and running were largely responsible for the victory. A close second to him was Montgomery, who, although he received a nasty cut on the eye early in the game, pluckily played it out, making many brilliant tackles and captaining the team perfectly. The kicking of Dimock was better than that of Jarvis and was a great improvement over our kicking in the T. C. S. game. For B. R. C., Jarvis, Mix and Sneed played good consistent games. The teams lined up as follows:

B. R. C.—Full, Marani I.; halves, Martin, Jarvis (Capt.), Marani II.; quarter, Mix; scrimmage, Torre, Solway, Thistlethwait; insides, Cassels, Scandrett; middles, Hughson, Steele; outsides, Lancaster, Sneed.

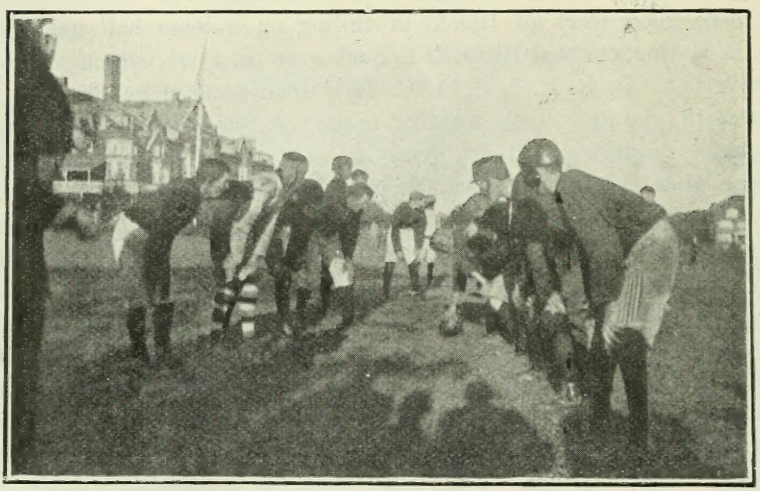
S. A. C.—Full, G. Dimock; halves, Cotton, Bicknell, Junor; quarter, Montgomery (Capt.); scrimmage, MacKeen, Foster, Mack; insides, D. Ross, Black; middles, Sharpe, H. Sommerville; outsides, Malone, G. Sommerville.

Referee—Hughie Gall. Umpire—Dixon. H. L.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

THE third and last league game of the season was played with Upper Canada, on their grounds, Friday afternoon, November 3rd. The day was cloudy and a high wind was blowing from the west, but each side of the field was lined with the enthusiastic supporters of the rival colleges, who shouted defiantly at each other their respective college yells. The field was in a very slippery condition, owing to the snowfall of the preceding day.

St. Andrew's won the toss and the game started at 2.55. Upper Canada kicked to Dimock, who returned it. In the second scrim-



mage Burden passed the ball to Gunsalus, who went through our line for a fifty-yard run. On this run De Gruchy, by using a fake kick, went over for a try, which they failed to convert. St. Andrew's managed to kick to dead-line just before quarter-time. U. C. C. 5, S. A. C. 1.

With the second quarter, Upper Canada having the wind in their favor, the fireworks started. The Saints went all to pieces, and when the half-time whistle blew U. C. C. had made four dead-line kicks, three rouges, two touches-in-goal, one safety touch and a drop-over, leaving the score 19—1 in their favor.

The exhibition of Rugby that S. A. C. put up in the second quarter was one of the worst ever seen between these two colleges.

However, in the second half the team played much better Rugby,

and had they played in the first half as they did in the second the game might not have resulted as it did.

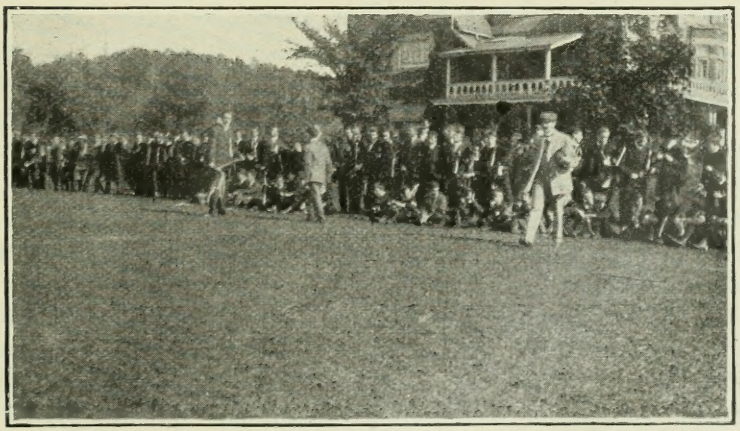
A few minutes after play started S. A. C., on a kick of Dimock, forced U. C. C. to rouge. MacKeen was injured and Ferguson took his place. Two more rouges and a dead-line kick gave us three more points, leaving the score at the end of the third quarter: U. C. C. 19, S. A. C. 5.

Early in the last quarter Mack was injured and McKeague replaced him. On a kick of De Gruchy's, St. Andrew's were forced to rouge. U. C. C. 20, S. A. C. 5. The Saints were continually gaining their yards by splendid bucking, but Davis, of U. C. C., regained all the lost ground by a splendid thirty-yard run, which allowed De Gruchy to go over for another touch, which was converted. U. C. C. 26, S. A. C. 5. Two more rouges and a touch in goal left Upper Canada victors of the game by a score of 29—5. The teams lined up as follows:

U. C. C.—Full, Garvey; halves, Davis, De Gruchy (Capt.), Gunsalus; quarter, Burden; scrimmage, Campbell, Carre, Jones; insides, Stratford, Leask; middles, O'Gorman, McLenan; outsides, Day, Allan.

S. A. C.—Full, G. Dimock; halves, Cotton, Bicknell, Junor; quarter, Montgomery (Capt.); scrimmage, MacKeen, Foster, Mack; insides, Ross, Black; middles, Sharpe, H. Sommerville; outsides, Malone, G. Sommerville; spares, Ferguson, McKeague, Nation.

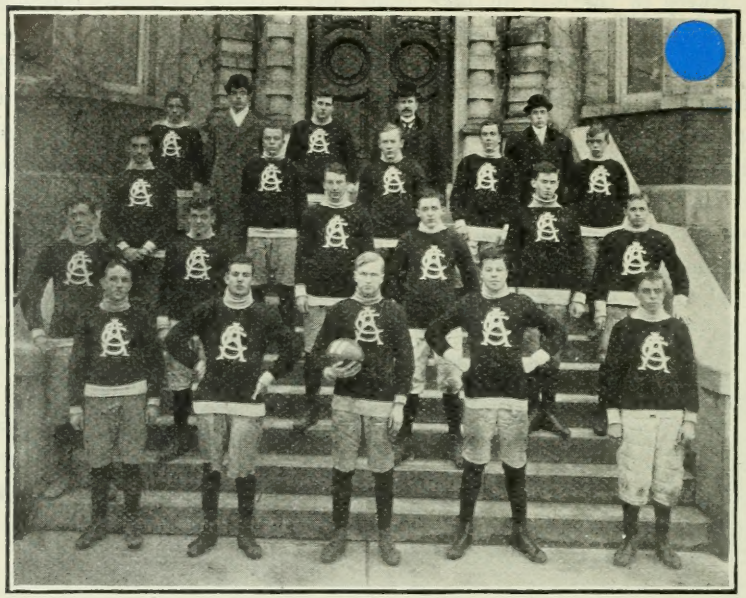
Referee—Dr. Woods. Umpire—Kennedy. H. L.



THE SECOND TEAM.

THE second team, although they did not win very many games, beat Upper Canada, and therefore can consider their season successful.

The first game, which was not a very good exhibition of Rugby, was played against Pickering College, of Newmarket. It was too



S.A.C. Second Team.

early in the season for a game and the Newmarket field was far below the standard of our grounds, so we lost 23—1.

The second match was the return game with Pickering. The Newmarket boys got off for a good start by getting two touches to their credit before half-time. St. Andrew's tightened up, however, in the last half and, although they did not score, yet Pickering was unable to make a point, and the game ended 12—0 in favor of the Newmarket College.

On Wednesday, October 18th, the seconds travelled to Port Hope, although they were in no condition to play such a team. Although T. C. S. beat them 46—0, yet the team put up a good argument considering their crippled condition. Marshall played a good game, tackling clean and hard.

On the 24th of October the team played Highfield on our grounds and were beaten 16—7. Washington starred for Highfield, while Hoeffler and Grange played good games for St. Andrew's.

The return match with Highfield was played in Hamilton on Friday afternoon, October 28th. In the first half things looked bright, as St. Andrew's was ahead 5—3. However, in the second period they failed to keep up their good work and Highfield came out on top by a score of 13—6. Washington, of Highfield, was the best man on the field. Nation and McKeague played a good, consistent game for St. Andrew's.

U. C. C. II. vs. S. A. C. II.

BEFORE a small but very enthusiastic audience the second team closed their season by defeating the Upper Canada College second team, on the first team field, Saturday morning, November 4th.

The Upper Canada team was completely outclassed in every department of the game. The field was considerably dryer than that at Upper Canada the day before, which enabled Captain Paton to work his end runs with great success.

Early in the first quarter Wright got away for a touchdown on a brilliant sixty-yard run. The try was converted. In the same quarter U. C. C. scored a rouge and a deadline. There was no further scoring, and when the half-time whistle blew the score stood 6—2 in favor of the Crimson and White.

In the second period of the game Upper Canada forced Livingstone to rouge. But the play was all with the Saints, and by successful bucking they forced their way to within one yard of the U. C. C. line, where Nation, by the use of a fake buck, went over for another try, which was not converted. Shortly before full-time Barrie, of U. C. C., kicked to dead line, leaving the final score: S. A. C. 11, U. C. C. 4.

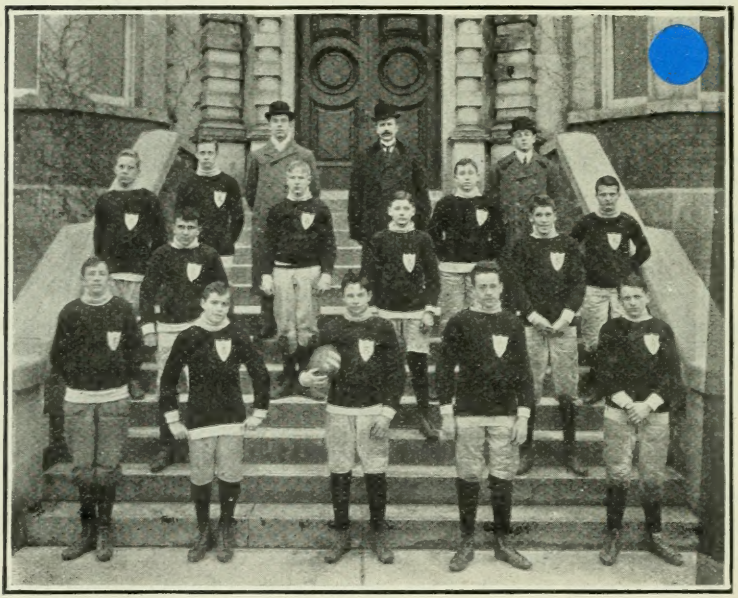
Heintzman starred for Upper Canada, while for St. Andrew's the running of Dimock and Snowball's tackling were features of the game. The teams lined up as follows:

U. C. C.—Full, Drew; halves, Creswick, Barrie, Raymond; quarter, Heintzman (Capt.); outsides, Lorey, Howard; middles, Morse, Saunders; insides, Burwas, Sine; scrimmage. Schofield, Pipon, Mara.

S. A. C.—Full, G. Ross II.; halves, G. Paterson, J. Dimock, Copeland, Livingstone; quarter, Nation (Capt.); outsides, Wright, Nelson; middles, Snowball, Hoefiler; insides, Grange, McKeague; scrimmage, W. Young, Firstbrook, Ferguson.

The team wishes to thank Hatch for his able management of the team throughout the season.

H. L.



S. A. C. Third Team.

THE third team, although they succeeded in winning but one of the three games played, can say that they have had a successful season.

The initial game of the season was played on our grounds against St. Catharines High School. The boys from St. Kitts were much bigger and heavier than we were. Fighting against these odds, we were only beaten 7—1. Boechk's dodging and Yuille's running featured.

Our next opponents were the University High School seconds. This game also took place on our grounds. It was a very good

exhibition of Rugby, the score at half-time being S. A. C. 6, U. T. S. 0. In the second period we added six more, making the final score 12—0. The kicking of Stephen was responsible for the majority of scores. The half line, Stephen, Yuille and Beasely, played a splendid game.

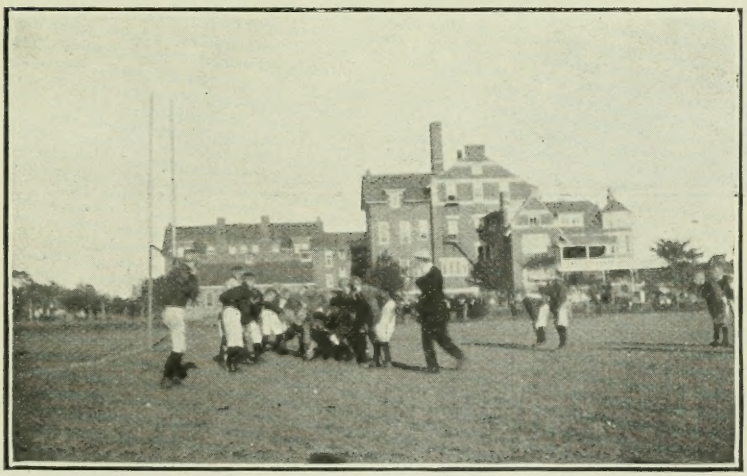
The third and final game was with the third team of the "little red schoolhouse on the hill." Whether it was our over-confidence or poor playing that lost this game we cannot say. At half-time the score was 8—0 in our favor, but in the second half Upper Canada forced the play, and when time ended they were victors by a score of 13—11.

Yuille was without doubt the best man on the field. He repeatedly made runs of sixty yards through the U. C. C. team. Stephen's kicking was also exceedingly good. The team was:

Full, Dyment; halves, Beasely, Yuille (Capt.), Stephen; quarter, Boechk; outsides, W. Paterson, F. Thompson; middles, Ingram, H. Johnston; insides, Malcolm I., McLenan; scrimmage, Davis I., Lash, S. Henry I.

The team wishes to thank Beaty for the time he gave in coaching them.

H. L.



FIRST TEAM, LOWER SCHOOL.

THE Lower School Rugby team had a fairly good year. The first game was played on the College grounds against U. T. S. Lower School, resulting in a win for U. T. S. by the score of 15—1. The next game was played against Models, resulting in a win for Models by the score of 14—0. The last game was played against U. T. S. on our own grounds. It was a very close game

First Team, Lower School.

and doubtful to the last minute, S. A. C. winning, 8—7. The line-up:

Full back, Mosely; centre half, Willoughby; right half, Taylor I.; left half, McMichael; centre scrimmage, Comstock; right scrimmage, Bennett; left scrimmage, Leckie; inside right wing, D'Sherbinin; middle right wing, Risteen; outside right wing, Bateman; inside left wing, McIvor; middle left wing, Malcolm; outside left wing, Scott; first spare, Whitney.

SECOND TEAM, LOWER SCHOOL.

THE past football season may be considered very successful for the Lower School seconds. Out of four games played we won all, scoring 71 points to 15 scored against us.

The first game was with U. T. S., St. Andrew's winning by 30 points to 3.

Then came the Delaware Club. After a close game S. A. C. came out on top by the score of 9 to 6.

Next two games were played with Models. St. Andrew's won the first game by 13—6 and the second by 19—0. The good kicking and running of Grant II. and the fine tackling of Whitney, Denton II. and Firstbrook II. were greatly responsible for our success. The line-up:

Halves, Grant II., Munn II., Davis II.; full, Stevenson; quarter, Grant III. (Capt.); wings, Whitney, Denton II., Stewart, Firstbrook II., Boug, Macdonald; scrimmage, Gibson, Home, Denton I.; spares, Tuckett, Leishman II. F. G.

Second Team, Lower School.

THE CROSS COUNTRY.

THE annual cross country run was held on November 23rd under most unfavorable conditions. A heavy rain, which started before noon, poured down incessantly on a wet and slippery course.

Bicknell took the lead during the first few miles, but later resigned to Hamilton, who showed great promise. Beasley and Montgomery now passed Bicknell and shortly after overtook Hamilton. The race was now between Montgomery and Beasley and was not decided until the former crossed the line five yards ahead, the times being 32 min. 53 sec. and 32 min. 58 sec.

Hamilton finished third, winning the bronze medal. Time, 33 min. 10 sec. Bicknell came fourth, 1 min. 43 sec. later. Alexander made a strong finish, fifth, and won the first boarder's cake.

Thirty-six completed the course, the first ten following Alexander being: De Beck, Hoeffler, McIntosh I, Foster, Wallace II., Davis II., Dimock II., Lash, Henry I., Scott.

D. W. MacKeen.

JUNIOR HOUSE COUNTRY RUN.

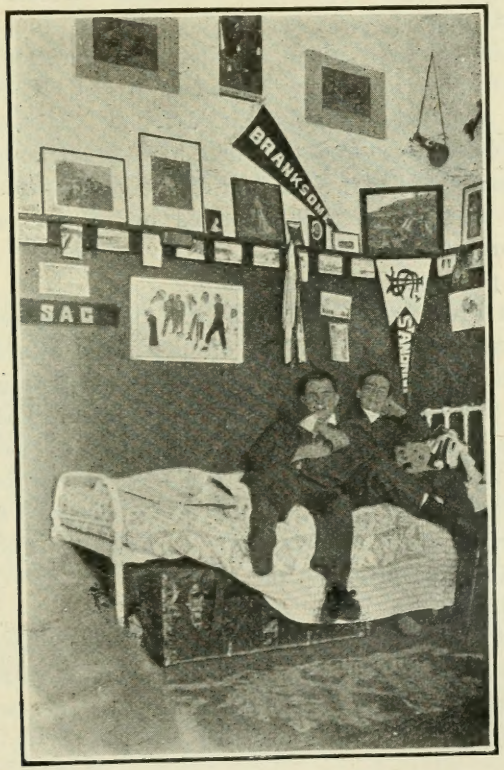
THE morning of November 29th dawned clear and cold, and everyone looked forward to a grand race. It certainly proved to be a record-breaker, as the time, 16 minutes and 8 seconds, beat all former records by 42 seconds.

At 4.15 p.m. thirty shivering but eager boys lined up at the north gate of the college and patiently awaited the pistol-shot. It finally came and the few spectators who braved the cold could easily see that a close race was assured.

In a quarter of an hour's hard running a small red jersey was seen entering the school gate, and MacIvor crossed the line for the silver medal. He certainly ran a winning race, leading at every stage of the struggle. Forty yards behind him, Skinner earned the bronze medal. Mosely captured the cake for the first Upper School student to finish. Although a cramp held Scott back near the finish, he gamely stuck to it and took the cake Mr. Wilson gave for his table. Bennett II. then claimed the prize for the first boy at

Mr. Chapman's table, and Willoughby seized the second form cake. Bateman was awarded the second cake given for Mr. Chapman's table, and Kerr captured his table cake. Mr. Harris' cake was taken by Whitney. After gamely running the three long miles, Morgan was finally awarded the cake given by Mr. Wilson for his Prep. boys.

MacIvor's 16-minute record will undoubtedly stand the test for many cross country runs. R. H. G.



Miscellaneous.

ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

THE annual distribution of prizes took place in the Assembly Hall on the afternoon of October the thirteenth. The large room was tastefully decorated with branches of oak and maple. Behind the dais the Saint Andrew's cross showed to great advantage in its setting of graceful palms. A great many friends of the College were present, and the spacious hall was taxed to its utmost capacity. On the landing in the main staircase the Highlanders' Band played most acceptably during the afternoon. Among the guests of honor upon the platform were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, President Falconer, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Mayor Geary, Archdeacon Coady, Sir Mortimer Clark and others. After the headmaster's address, in which he spoke of the progress of the College during the past year and of the reorganization of the College as an educational trust founded by private endowment, the different prizes were presented.

The list of prize-winners is as follows:

1st General Proficiency, Vogt, who won the Governor-General's medal. Auld succeeded in carrying off the medal awarded by the President of the College. Vogt won the silver and Montgomery the bronze medals awarded by the Lieutenant-Governor. Lash won the prize of books given as a senior reading prize by the Literary Society. Young I. won the rifle presented by the Lieutenant-Governor, and Dunning that presented by the St. George's Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. Thompson II. was awarded the rifle given by the 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I. O. D. E.

After these and the remaining prizes had been awarded, the boys were dismissed and an adjournment was made to the dining-hall for light refreshments. Later an informal dance was held in the gymnasium.

D. W. M.

OLD BOYS' DOINGS.

Fred Johnson, Fernie, was in Toronto for a few days recently. He is with J. B. Long at his extensive sheep ranch in Montana.

Matt Foster, Vancouver, is with the Dunfield Company in Yonge Street.

We had fleeting glimpses of Wes Winans and Jimmy MacNeil in October. Jimmie is still at New Glasgow, while Wes is at the old stand in Winnipeg.

Ned, Budd and Rex Davison are living at the Deke House, 91 Wellesley Street.

Gerald Grant is doing well at Dalhousie University, and Eric is with his father at the German Consulate, Halifax.

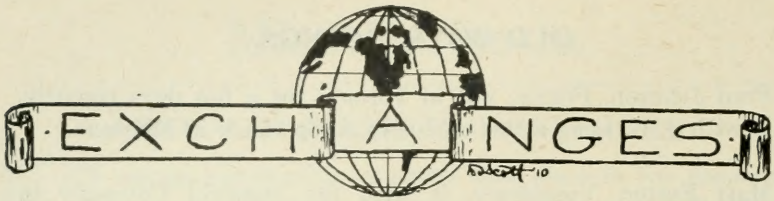
Geordie Campbell is at Dalhousie.

Bung Fleming is progressing favorably from his fractured leg and is out of the hospital.

Joe Wilson is in a law office in Vancouver and much in love with his chosen profession. In a newsy letter he reports having run across several Old Boys. Ted Norris is working with an automobile company in Vancouver, and Horace Fraser is with a land surveyor in the same city. Errol Boyd is floating around also, while Tom Hale is likewise in the West.

The Carver brothers are in Washington Territory, Norm being in the employ of a gravel company.

Geoffrey Boak is with Geo. E. Boak & Son, dealers in coal, with address West India Wharf, Halifax.



THE MIRROR, from the Central High School, maintains the same excellent standing which it has held in the past, the headings and joke column being particularly good.

The Ashburian is good for sporting news, but would be greatly improved by short stories and skits. An exchange column would also be an addition.

The T. C. S. Record. Like *The Ashburian*, *The Record* is strong in athletics, but lacks short stories and jokes, which tend greatly to improve any college magazine.

The Quill, unlike most papers, does not go in for sports, but the well-written stories, on the other hand, more than fill its place. The exchange criticisms are also clear and well arranged.

The Boone Review and the *College Echoes.* We are always glad to hear from our friends in China in the *Boone Review* and the *College Echoes,* the former being a very neat little paper, while the *College Echoes,* from Tensin, have several interesting stories, of which "A Hard Case" is particularly well written.

The Iris is a well-gotten-up paper. The cover is attractive and they have several clever cuts.

Vox Lycei, Ottawa Collegiate Institute, is very attractive in appearance and interesting as a magazine.

Varsity. One can always find matters of interest in any of the Varsity exchanges, and we are glad to see the *University Monthly, The Varsity* and *The Arbor* again on our list. The latter especially contains some excellent articles, "War" being exceptionally good.

The B. B. C. Magazine has an artistic cover, which encloses many matters of general interest. The "Letter From Japan" is very good.

The Scotch Collegian, from Scotch College, Melbourne, is new to us, but as it is such a good paper we hope always to have it exchange. We recently had a visit from one of the old boys of this college, Rev. Fred Paton, of Malekula, New Hebrides, who gave a most interesting address on his work in the mission field.

The St. Margaret's College Chronicle. We like it, but haven't they perhaps too much of only local interest?

The McGill Daily is the only publication we have from that university, but it is certainly an enterprising paper and reflects great credit on its editors.

The Westminster Hall Magazine is a newcomer. The cover is neat, but wouldn't the advertisements look better towards the back? "Light on a Dark Continent" and others are instructive as well as interesting.

Up to the present the following exchanges have been received. Thanks! *Queen's University Journal,* Kingston, Ont.; *Alt Hiedelberg,* Hiedelberg College, Hiedelberg, Germany; *College Echoes,* Anglo-Chinese College, Tensin, China; *Boone Review,* Boone University, Wuchang, China; *Acadia Athenaeum,* Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *The Blue and White,* Rothesay College, Rothesay, N.B.; *The Calendar,* Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.; *The Chronicle,* St. Margaret's College, Toronto; *The Arbor,* Toronto University, Toronto; *The Iris,* Philadelphia High School for Girls, Philadelphia; *McMaster University Monthly,* McMaster University, Toronto; *The Mirror,* Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Varsity,* Toronto University, Toronto; *The Record,* Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *McGill Daily,* McGill University, Montreal; *The Pharos,* Royal City High School, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Ashburian,* Ashbury College, Ottawa; *The University Monthly,* University of Toronto, Toronto; *The Argo,* Rutgers Prep. School, New Brunswick, N.J.; *Western Canada College Review,* Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; *Westminster Hall Magazine,* Vancouver, B.C.; *The Scotch Collegian,* Scotch College, Melbourne; *The Quill,* Alcium Prep. School, 11½ West 86th St., New York; *The B. B. C. Magazine,* Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *The Collegian,* Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont.

CRIBBED FROM EXCHANGES.

You never hear the bee complain,
  Nor hear it weep nor wail;
But if it wish, it can unfold
  A very painful tail.

Though the grass may grow anew each year,
  And seem of tender age,
It's older far than you can be,
  Because it's past-your-age.

Mary sat upon a pin,
  Yet showed no perturbation,
For some of her was genuine,
  But most was imitation.

THE GREAT DIVIDES.

Reno.
The Harem skirt.
The tariff wall.
The fool and his money.
Buda-Pest.
The pearly gates.
Mason and Dixon's line.
Jim Crow laws and
The Rio Grande River.—*Ex.*

Lady (after the tramp finished eating)—It's merely a suggestion—the wood pile is in the back yard.

Tramp—You don't say? What a splendid place for a wood pile.—*Ex.*

The new butler was nervous and was in obvious fear of his ducal employer. He proffered a dish with great ceremony. "Cold grace, your grouse?" he queried.

Little Bobby—Pa, what makes the firefly?
Little Bobby's Papa—The blacksmith, sonny.

Some schoolboy mistakes:

Queen Elizabeth's face was thin and pale, but she was a stout Protestant.

A plural verb is used when we do two things at once.

Alnwick is the place where the Duke of Northumberland likes to sit (Text-Book has "favorite seat").

The gods of the Indians are chiefly Mahommed and Buddha and in their spare time they do lots of carving.

Everyone needs a holiday from one year's end to another.

Liberty of conscience means doing wrong and not worrying about it afterwards.

Septuagint was the name given to the seven Old English kingdoms.

The strength of the British Constitution lies in the fact that the Lords and Commons give each other mutual cheek (check).

The Red Indians when hunting carry their lives in their hands, also their revolvers.

"Lord of a barren heritage" means that the man had inherited a baronage.

Venus was the goddess of beauty. She is sometimes called the Morning Star of the Reformation.

According to the Habeas Corpus Act a man cannot be punished twice for the same offence, so if a man steals a pig and is put in prison for it, when he comes out he can steal another pig and not be punished.—*Public Opinion.*

Customer—Waiter, there's two flies in this soup you just brought me.

Waiter—Yes, sir; they're twins—we can't keep 'em apart.

"Papa," said Freddie, "what is a fortification?"

"Why, a big fort," said his father.

"Well, papa, is a ratification a big —"

"I am busy, dear," replied father as he escaped.

She—What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?

He—I suppose that it must be the beams.

Bub—Father, who was Shylock?

Father—Shame on you, Bub; go study your Bible."

Farmer Foddershucks—How do them summer boarders of your'n keep busy?

Reuben Robbins—They play golf.

Farmer Foddershucks—What'n Sam Hill's that?

Reuben Robbins—'S near's I kin figger, it's solitaire shinney.—*Ex.*

If a burglar broke into the cellar of a house, would the coal shute?

No, Clementine, but the kindling wood.

Only Once.

A farmer riding on a certain railroad asked the conductor on a recent trip: "How often do you kill a man on this 'ere line?"

"Just once," replied the conductor.

Philip had gone to bring in the new kittens to show them to a visitor. His mother, hearing a shrill mewing, called out, "Don't hurt the kittens, Philip!"

From the hall came the reassuring answer, "Oh, no, I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."—*Ex.*

Angry Customer—Waiter, there's a spider in the ice cream.

Waiter—Serves him right; let him freeze to death; he was in the soup yesterday.

An aggrieved mother wrote to her son's elocution teacher as follows:

"Madim you kepe teling my son to breeth with his dierfram I sepose rich boys all has dierframs but how about when their father only makes 2 dollers a day and theres 4 younger I tel you its enuf to make everybody socialists first its one thing and then its another and now its dierframs its too much."

Baker—Joe fell off a forty-foot ladder to-day.

Gooley—Did he get hurt very badly?

Baker—No; he was on the first round when he fell.

Heard in Physics.

Teacher—What is steam?

Pupil—Steam is water crazy with the heat.

He Knows Best.

Doctor (to Pat's wife, after examining Pat, who had been run down by an auto)—Madam, I fear your husband is dead.

Pat (feebly)—No, I ain't dead yit.

Pat's Wife—Hush, Pat, the gentleman knows better than you do.—*Ex.*

That's Peculiar.

Mrs. Hen having performed her oviparous function, took a constitutional around the yard. Returning to her nest she found it empty and clucked angrily.

"What's the trouble, ma'am?" asked the rooster.

"It's mighty funny," she grumbled, "that I can never find things where I lay them."

A Good Rule.

The story is told of a man who had great difficulty in spelling words with "ei" and "ie" in them. One day a friend offered him an infallible rule for such cases. "It is a rule," he said, "that in forty-seven years has never failed me."

His friend expressed his delight and waited.

The man resumed: "The rule is simply this: write your 'i' and 'e' exactly alike, and put the dot just between them."

Cigarette Soliloquy.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work and discount his chances for success."

Unfair.

"Ma," said the discouraged urchin, "I ain't going to school no more."

"Why not, dear?" inquired his indulgent mother, tenderly.

"Because it ain't no use. I can't never learn to spell."

"Oh, yes, you can. Why, you had your lesson beautifully last week."

"I know. But the teacher keeps changin' the words every day, an' it ain't fair."

Mother (at lunch)—Yes, darling, these little sardines are sometimes eaten by the larger fish.

Mabel (aged five)—But, mamma, how do they get the cans open?

Pat's teacher asked him to define an island. "Sure, ma'am," said Pat, "it's a place ye can't lave widout a boat."

IF AT FIRST.

An Irishman named Michael Docherty having been discovered after solemnizing nuptials with four wives, was brought up before the Dublin Assizes charged with bigamy. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner should be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women, whereupon Mike said apologetically: "Sure, your Honor, I was only tryin' to get a good one—an' it's not aisy!"

Pat landed in America with the popular belief that money could be picked up in the streets. Accordingly, seeing a tin tobacco-tag lying on the sidewalk he picked it up and walked into a bar-room. Laying the piece of tin on the bar, he called for a drink. "That's tin," said the bartender. "Oh!" said Pat, hospitably, "have a drink yersilf. I thought it was foive."

A reverend gentleman was addressing a school concert recently, and was trying to enforce the doctrine that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking out his watch and holding it up, he said: "Now, here is my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now too slow, what shall I do with it?" "Sell it!" shouted a flaxen-haired youngster.

Her husband called upstairs and asked her how soon she would be ready.

"I'll be ready in a minute and a half, dear."

"Oh, thanks! Then I'll be able to finish the rest of this book. There are only six chapters more."

A company of Edinburgh students were starting for Glasgow on a football excursion and meant to have a carriage to themselves. At the last moment, however, just as the train was starting, in hastened an old woman.

One of the young fellows, thinking to get rid of her easily, remarked:

"My good woman, this is a smoking car, don't you know?"

"Well, well," answered the woman, "never mind. I'll mak' it dae." And she took a seat.

As the train started the word was passed round, "Smoke her out." All the windows were closed accordingly, every student produced a pipe, and soon the car was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. So foul was the air that at last one of the boys began to feel ill. As he took his pipe from his mouth and settled back into his seat the old woman leaned forward to him.

"If ye are dune, sir," she said in a wheedling tone, "wad ye kindly gie me a bit draw? I came awa' in sic a haste I forgot mine."

Skits

MR. MAGEE (to Ingram)—Do the next sentence, Ingram.
Ingram—The potato is a very useful animal.

Dr. Macdonald (in Scripture class)—Where does synopsis appear.

Wallace III.—You see it in the front of theatre programmes, sir.

Dr. Macdonald—Don't accuse me of going to the theatre, Wallace.

Hutchings II.—Oh, gee! I feel sick.
Young VI.—Well, go to bed and eat a comforter.

Hutchings II. has broken a transom. Funny how that family like to hear glass breaking.

Room 23—Saints' Rest.

Mr. Magee—Attention, Dyment.
Dyment—Attention or detention, sir?
Mr. Magee—Well, I'll make it detention.

Davison (to Jimmy Gordon, who is trying to rub the skin off his back)—Y-y-y-you can't skin a manager!"

Room 23 is pretty good. Even when doing mathematics no one may use improper fractions.

Hey, diddle, diddle, for Fat and his fiddle—
We all beat it out of the room,
And when Fattie laughed to see such fun
We hammered his head with a broom.

This morning in Room 23
I said something that starts with a D;
The rest gave a bawl,
"Beat it out in the hall!"
'Twas another ten minutes for me.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When you're at college your fussing begins.

"O, Meredith, shall I call thee fool, or but a wandering mind?"
—*With apologies to W. W.*

Donald is a Yankee,
Donald is a dear;
Donald came to Canada
And stole Snook's heart, I fear.

And when she goes to Donald's land
We hope she will not find
That Donald has been false to her
And left a wife behind.

Found in college hymn book—Length of prayer, 4 min. 18 sec. Sermon, start 7.30, finish 8.02 1-3. Grand total, 32¾ min. Sunday, March 19th, 1911. Official timekeeper, D. W. M.

Dr. Macdonald would like to know who the small boy was.

St. Margaret's girls want to know what angle "Billie" Watson wears his cap at.

Ans.—A-cute angle.

Why did Junor drop out of the cross country?

Ans.—He saw the cakes.

Dunning—If there was an explosion at Meaford, would Owen Sound?

Malone—No, but Collingwood.

Sommerville I.—If Penetang blew up where would Midland?

"Dud" Ross—Say, fellows, couldn't we have a Rugby dance and wear our first team sweaters?"

"Freedie" now makes a noise like a parrot. In that "case" where does he get his lessons?

Nation to McKeague—What are you doing under the bed, 'Cupid'?

McKeague—Looking for my composition.

We are glad to hear that Dutch Nelson has completed his latest novel, "Heart Breaking in Oakville."

Hoeffler—Gee! I can almost fuss as well as Spohn now."

Dyment—When I was in Edmonton — — — — !!! ????

Lindsay—If you stay home, you won't be at school, will you?

Druggist (to Foster, who was buying some soap)—Will you have it scented?

Foster—No, I'll take it with me.

Ferguson (getting up to make a speech at Firstbrook's)—Voice from other end of table: "This will be a *heavy* joke."

Outsider to Malcolm I.—Are you taking a business course at St. Andrew's?

Malcolm I.—No, I'm taking a commercial course.

First Boy (looking at the weather)—It looks like rain.

Second Boy (looking at the soup)—Yes, and it tastes like it, too.

Master (to Ben Allen)—Why didn't you do your Latin last night?

Allen—Please, sir, I had to take a bath.

Overheard in Room 17.

"Because my name is Snowball, that's no reason why you should keep me from the radiator."

Leckie (to Ben Allen)—Have you heard of the latest things in shoes?

Allen—No.

Leckie—Feet!

MacKeen (to Dawson)—Honestly, Freddie, what do you think of my last composition?

Davison—Don't ask me! You are so much bigger than I am.

Rankin (after lights out in Room 6)—Gee! those fellows are *noisy* in the Upper Barn. I guess Young I. must be in there.

Manville has become so filled with the college spirit that he wanted Stone to let him put his pyjamas in his "My Valet" box to have them pressed.

Mr. Bishop (overheard at the phone)—Please send me up some cod C. O. D.

Mr. K. (to Hoeffler)—Your brains are like a watermelon.

Black is the only real St. Andrew's fellow in the school. He is red and white. He might also do for Trinity, being red and Black.

Wallace I.—Why does Brown always laugh up his sleeve?
McIntosh II.—I don't know. Why?
Wallace I.—Because his funny-bone is there.

Boy (on Saturday night)—Well, Cow, what did you do all afternoon?
Hoeffler—Watched them turn pancakes in Child's window.

Initiations, gone but not forgotten.
Wednesday is the Moulton visiting day.
Question—On what day does Paterson I. get his leave?

Fat Ferguson has either been studying too hard or else he's in love.

PATRIOTIC MEMOIRS OF FOOTBALL BATTLE.

The VB boys were confident,
  They had a lot of gall,
They thought that they could beat the sixth
  At that old game, football.

The game was rather shocking;
  Indeed 'twas rather sad!
The VB team pulled, pushed and shoved
  With all the strength they had.

The lower Sixth was steady,
  They ran and bucked so fine
That every time they got the ball
  They smothered VB's line.

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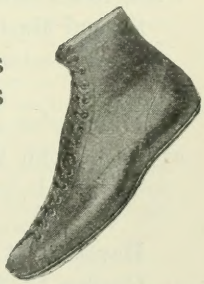

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But when the game was over
The score was five to four,
The Lower Sixth triumphant stood
As in the days of yore.

The VB boys dejected
Went back to second place.
They boast no more to beat the Sixth
In battle face to face.

Ault II. is merely brother Lloyd with modern improvements.

Mr. Duff (in IV. A classroom)—Spreken zie Deutsch?
Small voice from back of room—Oui, oui.

There is a young man called Diver
Who's not much of an auto-car driver.
He ran over a maid,
And a big fine he paid,
Though he tried from the policeman to hide her.

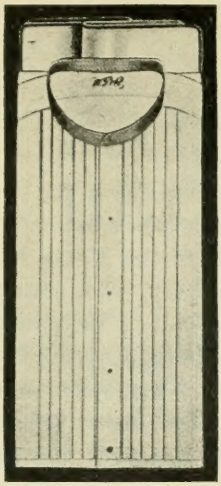
Allen II. (to Crawford)—What are you going through for at Varsity, Hume?
Crawford—Arts.
Allen—What! can you paint?

First Master—I had eight dogs whose tails I cut short and then I had to sell them wholesale.
Second Master—Why?
First Master—Because I couldn't retail them.

Mr. Taylor (to Billy Yuille)—Yuille, name the principal events of the Persian War.
Yuille—I don't know about that, sir.

Davison—We're going to have the first team photo taken Friday.
Gordon I.—Mr. Taylor says we're going to have a holiday.
Davison—You go and ask Mr. Taylor who's running this school.

Fat McKeague (looking in the mirror)—Say, fellows, my complexion is as clear as the College jelly.



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W. C. Macdonald, Secretary and Actuary J. K. Macdonald, Managing Director

Mr.W.—Has anyone seen McMichael's books?
Mosely—They were on top of mine, sir.
Mr. W.—Well, where were yours?
Mosely—Under his, sir.

Once I was witnessing a deciding game of baseball.

I noticed that one of the best players selected a *Black* bat.

When it came his turn to bat he hit the ball to the *Marsh* beyond, where it was recovered by a small *Brown Kerr,* who, acting as a *Porter, Tuckett* back to the pitcher, who continued the game.

After the game, as I was going home in a *Carr,* I noticed a small *Bell* was trying to make *Love* to a *Baker.* They were very *Noisy* and were most too *Young* to make *Love.* The *Baker* looked very *Dusty* after the game, but I noticed that he was very *Sharpe* in the rules of baseball.

John K. Wilson (to Tanner)—Which is the faster, heat or cold?
Tanner—Heat.
Wilson—Why.
Tanner—You can catch a cold quite easily, can't you?

First Junior House Boy—I had an awful fall last night.
Second Junior House Boy—Where did you fall?
First Junior House Boy—I fell asleep.

Mackeen (seeing himself in an old Junior House photo)—My, how one can change!

CADET CORPS IN ROOM 19.

"Tallest on the right, shortest on the left. Number!"
"1! 2! 2½!"

Mr. T.—You're going to the dogs. Come to my room after school.

O, YOU FOOTBALL PLAYER.

He used to hold her on his lap,
As happy as could be,
But now it makes her seasick,
'Cause he's water on the knee.

—*To G. M.*

TELEPHONE M. 1269

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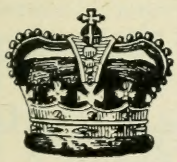

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Cotton (to Howard at the end of Rugby season)—Say, Billie, wake me up again when hockey starts.

New Boy (looking at Davison in last year's Rugby photos)—Who's the kid?

The original Mutt and Jeff of S. A. C.—"Casey" Malcolm and F. H. D.

De Gruchy (of U. C. C.)—Say, Montgomery, what happened to that big fellow on your team?

Monty—Who do you mean, MacKeen?

De Gruchy—Yes.

Monty—He was hit at the base of the brain.

Amongst those who rushed on the field when Monty had his eye cut in the Ridley game were noticed Drs. Hendry, Macdonald and DAVISON.

Junor—When I got my eye hurt the manager wanted to give me a pill.

Cotton (to Hutchings I. in T. C. S. game)—Don't give me any of that firewater.

Gordon—No, it might wake you up.

Freddie wouldn't go down town the day before the U. C. C. game because he thought the newspapers might want a picture of the manager.

At a dance given on the 5th of December the members of Room 22 kept up their reputation of being strong finishers in the supper line.

Room 22 still have their daily squabbles as to who will pay the extra nickel for papering their room.

ROOM 22'S YELL.

"Are we tight? Yes, you bet."

Bicknell says he knows all about the "ne timinere (temere) decree.

Freddie (to Monty during Rugby season)—You go up and tell Junor to get dressed, because if I go I'm apt to get mad and say something and then he won't turn out again this season.

Science Notes.

Mr. K.—Now, take these notes—stop laughing, Ferguson. Take a Florence flash—three quarters, Dunning—put in three grams, Clare!!—sulphuric acid and drop in a little—Rice, stop talking!—a little—listen, Young—I said a *little*—Davison, stop that noise—drop in a little fat—McKenzie, please keep quiet—now, remember this, it has a peculiar name—Herschkowitz!!!—it is called—turn around, Hutchison; it is potassium permanganate. Sommerville, did you that?

Yes, sir, what was it, sir?"

"Snow, take four quarters! Cool it by passing some—Snow, leave the room!! Cool it by——

Burr—rr—rr—ling—ling.

Chorus—Period's over, sir.

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Mr. K. (to Might and Grant II.)—Two little chaps like you should be seen and not heard in class.

Bicknell (to Montgomery and Davidson)—C-o-m-p-a-n-y. No!!
Freddy—181!! (Binscarth.)
Monty—182!! (Jarvis.)

Overheard at the Tuck Shop on the day after Earl Grey's holiday:
Ken Might—Ah! I know why Monty sent a cablegram to Earl Grey.
Bicknell—Why?
Ken Might—Look who he had at Shea's with him yesterday.

Football is over, but Monty still remembers the signal—x double x.

Foster (to Montgomery)—The phone's broken.
Montgomery—I could have told you that before you went down.

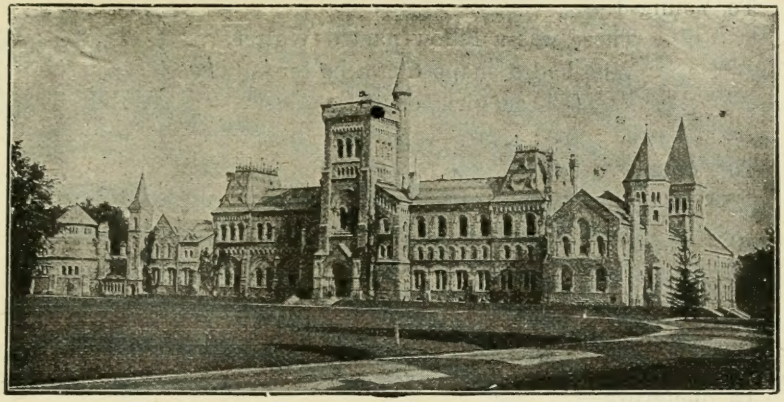
The Happy Hooligan Twins (Grant II. and III.)—Uncle Herbie, will you teach us how to play Rugby?

Nation to Mr. M.—Sir, Thompson is going all to the dogs.
Mr. M.—He must be associating with you, Nation.

CRIBBED FROM LOWER SIXTH GAZETTE.

There was a queer gink named Junor,
Who fished off the end of a schooner.
One day he fell in
And swore like sin,
That queer thing named Junor.

There was a young fellow named Clare,
Whose voice resembled a bear;
One day when he spoke
A transom he broke—
Three Bucks!



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To Young I.—

There was a fellow named Walter,
Who had a shape like a halter—
(Cheer, girls, cheer!)

To Sommerville I.—

There was a vision named Hank,
Who resembled a cedar plank;
Play Rugby he could,
Though his head was of wood.
Tough!

To Snelgrove—

There was a young fellow named Charlie,
He never got here very early,
But, sad to relate,
One day he came late.
Four quarters!

Master (calling roll)—Snelgrove?
Class—Not for another hour yet, sir.

When dukes come to visit us
We always make an awful fuss;
Cadets are marshalled, every one,
And all the fancy drills are done;
Carpets spread along the floor,
Right from prayer hall to the door;
The masters wear their bestest gowns
And stride about with stately frowns,
And all the poor boys have to do
Is sit and listen to them through.

Seen on Upper VI. blackboard after Latin period—The principal parts of Fido: head, hair, body, legs, tail and all other parts that go to make up a doggie.

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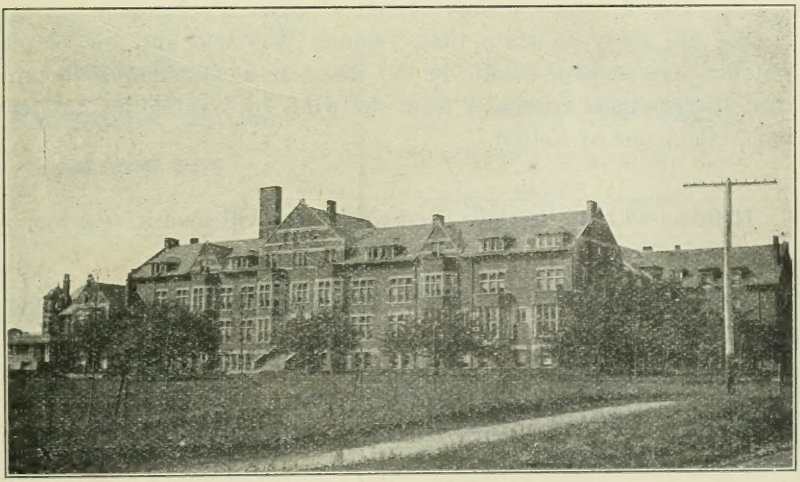

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Headmaster.

Paterson I. (to Hoeffler)—I wonder if they would let me in Moulton if I wore my second team colors?

Hoeffler—I don't know; but they let me in Reservoir Park.

Mr. K. (to Hoeffler)—It used to be a bull in the china shop, but now it's a cow in the lab.

We are glad to hear that Messrs. Whittaker III., McIvor and Malcolm III. enjoyed their hunting trip last week. They boarded their private car behind the College and journeyed to Leaside. There they ordered their car to be sidetracked while they talked over the prospect of hunting. They had not quite decided what trail to follow when they saw in the distance three figures which they thought were bears. They immediately took to their heels through the bush, followed swiftly by the bears. An exciting chase of an hour ensued, but the gentlemen, at last out of breath, waited for the bears to come up. These ferocious animals turned out to be nothing more than the head prefect, Malcolm I., and McClinton, who escorted them back to Dr. Macdonald, where they were welcomed cordially and treated to some *hot* refreshments.

We are sorry to state that Trainer Williams and his clever "Monk" are no longer with us, but Room 18 have managed to capture another good specimen from the wilds of Westmount answering to the name of Nelson.

If Room 18 keep up their good work they will soon have a zoo.

Waiter (in Baltimore Lunch) to Nelson—Was it coffee you ordered?

Nelson—No, water.

Bicknell (to Junor, going out to play Ridley)—I wonder who's watching me now?

Freddie, hearing that Monty was copying out the skits, came in and tried to say all the funny things he knew.

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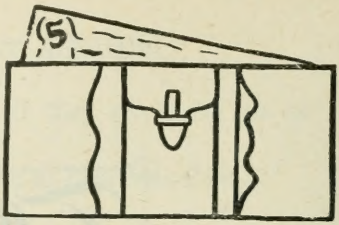

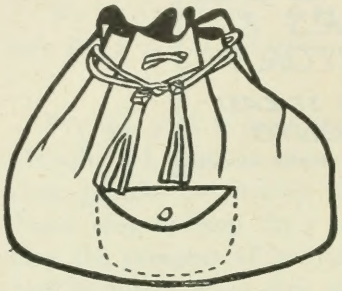

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